

Always Cash in Advance.

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LICKING VALLEY COURIER

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THE COUNTY'S INDEBTEDNESS.

There are various estimates of the indebtedness of Morgan county, and there is, or has been, some talk of the county repudiating some of it.

As the Courier understands the matter some of the new officials contend that the outgoing administration exceeded the constitutional limit in appropriating for roads and bridges, and that all that was expended above the constitutional limit is illegal and void.

Without going into the question of legality of the matter, the Courier would like to call attention to the fact that we have the bridges and roads. There have been erected and contracted for bridges for most of the larger streams and there is not a bridge located that is not badly needed by the people.

The Index road was a costly piece of engineering, but even at that Morgan county fared well. It is approximately 16 miles to the Menefee county line, and Judge Sebastian has arranged with the State to have the State build the road on to the Menefee county line for the amount due us on State aid for the Index road. The truth is that the whole 16 miles of road will cost us only what the road from here cost, so that it is cheap.

The Courier desires to state that Judge Henry is opposed to the county repudiating any debt. He says that all the debts should be paid, and he is right. No individual or county can afford to repudiate debts contracted in good faith.

To pay off the indebtedness in the regular routine way will seriously hinder the new administration, and in order to let the new officials have a clear hand it would be a good idea to bond the county for the old indebtedness and give time to absorb it.

One thing that should be remembered is that Judge Sebastian started good road building and has made it possible for us to have a hard surfaced road out to the business centers of the State. It is also a fact that every neighborhood has bridges over the streams. The outgoing fiscal court may have expended more money than the constitutional limit, but we got the benefit of it and should pay it. It is now a question of whether the money was wisely or economically spent, it is a question of paying for what we are getting the benefits.

The Courier has faith in the new officials. It believes that they will look closely to the finances of the county, and it does not share the belief of some that it will not be progressive. Until the contrary is shown the Courier is going on the assumption that this new fiscal court will be as progressive and for as much public improvement as the ability of the county will admit.

A HELP TO THE COUNTY.

In this issue will be found a statement by Mr. L. B. Reed, one of the large stockholders and a director in the McClintock-Field Dry Goods Co., of Ashland.

Mr. Reed is a native of Morgan county and still lives here, and has spent thousands and thousands of dollars in the county since he began his business career. By hard work and good management he has accumulated quite a bit of the world's goods, and he has been a great help to the people of the county.

A glance at this statement will show that he has ever in mind the people of Morgan county. In the McClintock-Field Co's house at Ashland Mr. W. H. Geyedon, a Morgan county man, is at work as sales manager, and Daniel Henry, another Morgan county boy, is bookkeeper. John Patrick, still another Morgan county citizen, is at work in the packing department. S. B. Reese, of our town, is traveling salesman, and W. Cecil Henry, a former Morgan county man, will go on the road for them this week.

Mr. Reed is taking care of the Morgan county boys, and this will doubtless cause the Morgan county merchants to buy heavily from this company.

GOOD MORNING, NEW OFFICIALS!

The Courier greets the new county officials with the sincere belief that they will make every effort in their power to serve the county efficiently. In the belief that they will strive to enforce the law, be careful and prudent in the management of the county finances, be progressive in public improvements, the Courier tenders them all the assistance it can render in achieving these ends.

They will probably have problems to solve and we trust that they will approach the solution of them carefully and wisely, and will act as becomes broad-minded and capable men; that they will enter upon the discharge of their duties with the full realization that they are the servants and agents of the people who elected them, and that their motives will be to render the people the very best service possible.

PASSING OF A GREAT MAN.

On December 22, at Jacksonville, Fla., Henry Watterson, perhaps the most widely known newspaper editor in the world, peacefully passed away.

For more than a half century editor of the Courier-Journal, at Louisville, Mr. Watterson was one of the most prominent figures in our national growth. A leader in politics he was never an office-seeker. His services as Congressman were the result of that office being thrust upon him.

For the past half century he has been the political seer of the Democratic party, and was intimately with the leaders, and was in constant demand by them on account of his wonderful knowledge of the political history of the country.

He is the last of a group of great editors who made their impress upon the policies of the nation. For years he was a dominating figure at national Democratic conventions, and the tariff policy of that party just after the civil war was known as the "Watterson Idea." At times, when he thought his party was wrong, he was as

relentless in his fight against it as he was in his fight against the Republican idea. It was his opposition to Bryan, as much as any other one agency, that kept the Nebraska from the presidency.

His power as a thinker, and his great ability as a writer, made the Louisville Courier-Journal a world-wide reputation and one of the most frequently quoted newspapers in the nation.

His death is a national loss.

THE YEAR 1922.

In entering the new year of 1922 there is need of much optimism on the part of the people. Business is not what many of us hoped for, but there is a decided improvement and it is not a time for pessimism. The resources of the nation and its great capacity for production is such that business must get better. Possibly a great deal of the present depression is "psychological." There was bound to come a recreation after the inflation of the war, and business is sound today, even if many of the business men are cautious in their ventures.

The general idea among the big business men is that the drift to low prices has reached the bottom and that a gradual rise will come, and that business will get steadily down and gradually improve. It was natural that business disorganization should follow the abnormal conditions of the war, and in spite of the failure of Congress to offer any means to aid the business interests of the country in getting settled, there is a growing feeling of optimism that business this year will be getting better despite the lack of constructive legislation.

"Calamity howlers" will do no good in any event. It is better for everybody to take the most hopeful view of the situation, for the state of the public mind is always a large factor in determining the condition of the country.

This is a time when all should work and produce. Buy to keep money in circulation, but buy wisely and sanely.

The old U. S. A. will come out on top.

Some of the local copy this week is just a bit old but we had it in type and it will be interesting to those about whom it was written. Some of our letters from correspondents were intended for last week, too, but we are printing them because our correspondents did not write this week. We hope that our troubles are over and that the Courier will appear interrupt from now on.

The GIRLA HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds the share of the estate, valued at something like \$50,000, in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a playful horse, and a dog with a single black half and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration decides to take it as a fact.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city where the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a "safe repository."

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he decides to investigate. He is overtake by a man, a woman, and a dog. He is told the story of the "safe repository."

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Ashland, he meets the girl, the horse, and the dog. He is told the story of the "safe repository."

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the search for the "safe repository," and escapes on foot. He is overtake by a man, a woman, and a dog. He is told the story of the "safe repository."

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram, a miner, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter, a girl named Jennie. Stanford is attracted by her beauty and her story. He decides to stay at the mine.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, Hiram asks him to visit the mine. Hiram asks him to visit the mine. Hiram asks him to visit the mine.

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram get the mine started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Hiram, apparently an old friend of the "safe repository," visits the mine. He offers to draw it in consideration of Broughton's offer to buy the mine outright for \$50,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

Did I? She was gazing a bit when he got up rather suddenly to go back to the cabin across the river. She would not stay another minute, though I begged and pleaded with her.

"No, indeed. Bluebeard man," she said with that queer little gurgle of a laugh. "I-I think I have found out what I wanted to. Goodbye." And then, after I thought she was clear gone, she turned back to say, softly, "Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten what I came over here to tell you. Yet I mustn't tell the Climbab, Stannie; no for any price that anybody might offer you. Goodbye, again."

Can't you hear it? When the good Lord made women, He doubtless had many patterns; but I do believe the mold was broken and thrown away after this Jennie, girl had been fashioned.

Later, along in this same day, while I was standing at the shaft mouth and staring down at the water that was keeping me out of my heritage, Daddy Hiram came up.

"Still a puzzle?" over it, Stannie?" he asked, in the sympathetic tone that he always used when he spoke of the "Great Disappointment."

"There's nothing to it, Daddy," I gloomed. "Bullerton has me by the neck, and he knows it."

He tiptoed to the door and peeped out.

"You've heard 'em say 'at officially killed a cat," he said, out of the corner of his mouth; "well, the cat's a-comin'. Skip out o' that other door, Stannie, and hit for the timber. I'll catch up with you in a little spell."

I didn't know exactly what he was driving at until after I got clear of the mine buildings and was climbing the slope of the mountain above. Then



He Waved Me to a Seat, on a Pile of Broken Rock.

I looked back and saw Bullerton slanting across the dump head. He was evidently bent on another little job of spying; either that, or else he didn't want Daddy and me to get together by ourselves.

Under cover of the forest I sat down and waited; and in a short time Daddy joined me, making an excuse for the dodge-away that didn't mean anything at all.

"I got a claim over yonder in the right-hand gulch—the one 'at I was workin' when your gran'paw came along," he said. "Thought maybe you'd like to mow over with me and take a look at her."

Of course, I said I'd be delighted; so we made a detour around the Climbab, keeping out of sight from the cabin and shaft-house, and pushing on around the western slope for maybe half a mile until we came to the gulch in which the abandoned claim lay.

Working entirely alone, Daddy had driven a tunnel possibly a hundred feet deep straight into the solid rock of the mountain side, following the thin vein and hoping that it would widen into a "pay-streak." After he had led me a few yards into the tunnel, he waved me to a seat on a pile of broken rock, and took one himself with his back against the opposite wall.

"I'm gettin' just naturally as I hate a gosh-dummed crowd," he remarked, switching suddenly from his talk of the abandoned claim. "Feel sometimes as if I'd like to swap skins with a con-dummed gopher and duck plumb into a hole."

"Well," said I, grinning at him, "you've ducked, for once in a way, and so have I. What about it?"

"Charley Bullerton," he spat out, without further preface. "That slick-tongued word artist sure does get onto my nerves. What'll he be tryin' to do to you, anyway, Stannie?"

I didn't see any reason why he shouldn't know, so I told him all of it, from start to finish, offers, bullying, and threats; but, of course, nothing about the Jennie factor.

"Great Moses!" he ejaculated, at the end of the story. "Why, gosh-dummed!—it's a hold-up! Do you reckon he kin unwater the Climbab?"

"Strut thing in the world," he could you, or I, if we had the money, to drive a long drainage tunnel from the lower slope."

The old man smoked alone in thoughtful silence for a few minutes. Then he said:

"Bout that there tunnel job, something like two hundred thousand, was figured that'd cost, with no had luck, didn't we, Stannie?"

"That was the figure."

"And, first off, Charley Bullerton was willin' to give you fifty thousand for your rights—though now you say he's shined it down to forty. That'd mean an investment of at least two hundred and fifty thousand; all a-goin' out and nothin' a-comin' in. Let's see where that's fetchin' us to. I don't know what your gran'paw paid for the mine, but it was less'n half a million, and I reckon he paid over dollar it was worth, didn't you?"

"Doubtless he did," I admitted.

"So there's where we land," he went on speculatively. "Two hundred and fifty thousand tacked onto half a million gives her a capital of three-quarters of a million sunk in her, first and last. Question is: Is she worth it?"

I was beginning to get his idea at last. He was wondering if a mine, that had once sold at a top-notch price of half a million could stand the investment of a quarter of a million additional and still hope to be a paying proposition.

"You mean that Bullerton is figuring upon spending a quarter of a million more on it?" I queried.

"Nopes; I reckon I can't. There's too much in the woodpile, somewhere, Stannie, as sure 'a you're born."

"Can you carry it any further?"

"Nopes; I reckon I can't. There's too many darned things a-comin' out. One of 'em is where I stan Hill did Charley Bullerton get all his money that he's bankin' around here?"

"I don't know where it got it, but

(Continued on page two.)

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The Girl a Horse and a Dog

By FRANCIS LYND

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(Continued from page two.)

"All right," he said, "I'll take it with me. But see here, Stannie, son, let a fice dog worth a hundred dollars that it ain't his money."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, for one thing, because I know arley Bullerton; heen knowin' him since Adam was a little boy in knee-socks. He can't keep any money of his own; just naturally ain't built that way."

"Gambles it?" I suggested.

"Big gambles, yes; stocks and that sort of truck. No sir-ee; these yellow-backs he's a-fashin' around ain't his, not by a long chalk, and I'd bet on it. Somebody else is settin' 'em up; and if that's so, Stannie, there's a reason for it."

"Sure," I conceded. Then: "Could you make a long, high, running jump and guess at the reason, Daddy?"

"Not a bit," he replied dubiously. "But little notions at I've got. It's more than I am—been old Cinnabar, never call a 'honanza.' Plenty sure, but mostly lowing them rich little pockets."

"Rich pockets," I put in. "A of one of them would be about time to sell, wouldn't it?"

"Dodged."

"Sure shoul'n, now. I reckon about how they caught your paw. But Buddy Fuller—he's the telegraph operator and a sort of nephew of mine—says more to it than that. 'Long couple of years' so there was a strike made in Little Cinnabar about four miles west o' here, 'bout a mile from the railroad runnin' a. That there branch, if it when it's built, for it's some day, to open them our bench within a hun- of the old Cinnabar; so could mighty near dump sheds into the cars."

"To see more crookings in road over which Grand- had been led; many or devils-eyes."

"Case, even the low-grade come a bit nearer be- wouldn't it?" I asked. "Stannie. That son haul to 'Troia was with' the cuss in the coal

"The railroad right at the ank, it might even pay to three-quarters of a mil- that long drainage tun- ing on?"

"Like that, yes. Can you see any thing about the end of my aqueduct?"

"I refilled the pipe and did a bit of cogitating. I was posing the boss figure. The bunch that did Grandfather's power the honor to bill him; as consequence as that price, whoever he was, and in the secret of the conditions as Daddy had just outlined them, what would I have done?"

The answer came as pat as you please. With a railroad in prospect which would turn a small profit into a big one, I should quite probably have shut the mine down to wait until I could hear the whistles of the locomotive.

This conclusion led promptly and logically to another. Supposing, at the moment when I had decided upon the shut-down, some old fiddling old gentleman had come along and offered to buy the mine? As a corollary, the supposition that the water problem was daily growing more insistent, with the ultimate threat of flood. As an ordinary, garden-variety mining shark, what would I have done?

That answer came pat, also. I should have taken the old gentleman's money, trusting to the rising flood to make him pick of his bargain in due course of time and thus willing to sell out for anything he could get.

"I believe I have it doped out," I told Daddy at the end of the cogitating pause; and then I passed the inferences along to him. The immediate effect was to evoke a couple of his

quant substitutes for profanity. "Tehelchim-to-breakfast!" he exclaimed. "I'll be dinged if I don't believe you've struck the true lead, Stannie, my son! If you have, here's what follows: Charley Bullerton's here to do the dickering for that same old high-bidnin' Cinnabar outfit that did your gran'paw up. They sold for half a million 'r so and now they're willin' to buy back for thirty or forty or fifty thousand. By Jeez! I just knew that slick-tongued rooster was tryin' to work some skin game!"

"Yet he is going to marry your daughter," I put in grins.

At this the old man turned gloomy, serious in the battle of an eye, drawing his mouth down at the corner and sucking hard at the pipe which had long since burned out.

"That's been a-flochin' me like a tight boot, Stannie," he admitted. "If you'd set me afore he come, I'd 'a' told you she hadn't a married 'a' son for that co-dummed blowhard. But just you look at the way things are stackin' up now! He's edgely' round her mighty near all the while, and she hasn't never once give me the wick to lead him a-kickin' like I'm fitbin' to!"

He told me to look. I had been looking until my eyes ached, the speculations were all one way, tens of them; with only one little impulsive thing to put in the other pan of the scale. I didn't tell Daddy about the kids; but I did tell him that Stannie had told me not to sell the Cinnabar.

"So?" I inquired, drawing up my neck. "That brings us more talk. Reckon you can make out to hang onto the old cow's tail for a spell longer?"

I took time to consider my answer. "I've been wondering if all things given their due footing, it were worth while to hang on, Daddy. As matters stand now, Bullerton is stuck unless I sell out to him. If I should take my foot in my hand and walk out, he'd be left up in the air. But, on the other hand, there's Jeanie. If she's going to marry Bullerton, why, she's a horse of another color. I'm not enough of a dog-in-the-manger to bite her adam off to spite Bullerton's face."

"Um," was the grunted response. Then, with a side swipe that I wasn't looking for: "Charley Bullerton's been hittin' round that you're tied up with a girl back East. Is that so?—or is it only another one of his frilly lies?"

I laughed.

"I wish I knew, Daddy; I'd sure tell you if I would anybody. We were really engaged—the back-East girl and I; but I don't think we are now, and I don't think she thinks so. Anyway, she called it all off when we found out—or thought we found out—that my grandfather hadn't left me anything in his will. She's like Jeanie says she, you know: she's got to marry money."

"Joe so," he said, with a rather grim glint in the mild blue eyes. "All the same, if you had the old Cinnabar in slay-up workin' order, I reckon you'd have to go back yonder and marry her, wouldn't you?"

"I'd be in honor bound to offer to, anyway."

"That don't sound much like you was carlin' a whole lot for her," he objected gravely.

I despaired in advance of making him understand the lack of sentiment in the case, or the viewpoint from which any such condition could be considered as a human possibility. It was much too simple-hearted. So I got rid of the Lisette obstacle, or got around it, as best I could.

"She has been free for several weeks now; in all probability she is wearing some other fellow's ring by this time. But about the Cinnabar; assuming that my string of guesses is hitched up to the true state of affairs, what would you advise me to do? Shall I hang on—with no prospect, that I can see, of getting anywhere on my own hook? Or shall I sell out to Bullerton and thus let your daughter in for a wife's share of a possible fortune?"

"Good-all-heck!" he stammered, "when you line it up that way, I reckon I ain't the man to tell you what to do." Then, as upon a second and belated thought: "Jeanie says for you not to sell; if she said that to me, I'd hang on till the cows come home. I would so!"

I got up and knocked the ashes from my pipe.

"And that, Daddy, is precisely what I'm going to do," I said; and the saying of it called the confidence in the abandoned tunnel of the "Little Jeanie."

CHAPTER X

The Deep-Wells.

The next morning I turned out at break of day, before anybody else was up, slipped into my clothes, straightened up my bunk, and dropped through the ladder hatchway to the main-deck.

I had told myself that the reason for the daybreak turn-out was a desire to see if the railroad people really had been sufficiently in earnest about the proposed copper mine branch to make a survey for it; but the true underlying push was a biting reluctance to have anything more to do with Bullerton, or even to sit at table with him.

Rixtaping through the common room, so as not to wake Daddy Hiram, I broke into Jeanie's kitchen and raided the cupboard for a bite of something to eat. There was plenty of bread, and some cold fried fish, and cutting a couple of generous sandwiches, I hiked out to make my breakfast in the open.

The sandwiches disposed of, I began to quarter the beach woodland back and forth, searching for some indications of the railroad survey. In due time I found one of the location stakes, and from its facing and the markings on it, got the direction of the proposed line and was able to trace it for some distance along the beach. As Daddy had said, it ran within a few hundred yards of the Cinnabar claim, and a short sidetrack would make his suggestion perfectly feasible; our ore could be hauled into the cars with but a single haulage.

From tracing the railroad survey, I edged around to take another look at the possibilities of the drainage tunnel. Daddy and I had shared on. Going over the ground this second time, and with some better knowledge of the difficulties, it appeared that we must have ridiculously underestimated the prob-

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able cost. Facing the distances carefully, and guessing at the differences in altitude by the heights of the trees, I saw that it wouldn't be safe to count upon less than a mile of tunnelling, and this, in the solid periphery of Old Cinnabar, and in a situation remote from the nearest base of supplies, would run—no, it wouldn't run; it would fairly gallop into money.

Was this what Bullerton meant to do if he could outwit me? That he was utterly confident of his ability to drain the Cinnabar was evident. But how was it to be done? Would he, or his backers, be willing to spend a quarter of a million or more, and the better part of a year's time, driving that mile-long tunnel?

The longer I thought about it, the larger the conviction grew that no such expensive expedition was to be resorted to. Bullerton, or his backers, or both, knew some other and far cheaper and more expeditious way of getting rid of the water. Sitting on a big rock that had in some former earth convulsion tumbled from the broken cliffs above the mine, I gave the mechanical fraction of my brain (it was a small fraction and sadly underdeveloped) free rein.

Two possibilities suggested themselves. A siphon, a big pipe, starting at the bottom of the shaft and leading out over the top and down the mountain to a point lower than the shaft bottom would, after it was once started, automatically siphon the stream of its own bigness, whatever that should be. But the cost of over a mile of such pipe was beyond my means; and if two six-inch pumps driven night and day had failed to make any impression upon the flood, what could be expected of a siphon which, in the nature of things, couldn't be much bigger than an ordinary street water main?

The other possibility was, even less hopeful. It was the driving of a short tunnel, which Daddy and I might undertake without additional help, from the level of the high bench straight up to an intersection with the mine shaft. This, I estimated, might tap the water at a point possibly twenty feet below its present level in the shaft. Its success, as I saw at once, would depend entirely upon the location and volume of the underground lake which was supposed to be supplying the flood. If this reservoir were shallow and high in the mountain, the short tunnel might drain it. If it were deep and low, nothing would be accomplished.

The question was still hanging hopelessly up in the air when I made my way around to the mine buildings by the left-hand gulch path, sneaked in and began to sneak myself into Daddy's extra pair of overalls; just for what, I hadn't the least idea; only I needed to be doing something to keep me from going completely dotty in the guessing contest.

By this time, as I knew, they would be getting up from breakfast in the cable across the deep bench, which would most likely have some ore in it. When I found that they were not, I high-primed myself with a morning hit, as it were, and went on my way.

"This is a pretty little dollar day, Hiram," he began at me as soon as he stepped over the threshold of the mine door; but I fancied

I could notice that, some way, he didn't seem quite so chipper and careless as he had the day before.

"See here," I ripped out; "what's the use of buyin' that mine at any price! It's not in the market and it ain't going to be. Not in a thousand years!"

"But see here; what's the use of butting your head against a stone wall? You're stuck, without end, and you know it. This flooded hole in the ground is of no more use to you than a pair of spectacles to a blind man!"

"Perhaps not; 'tis a poor thing, but mine own. I guess I can keep it as a souvenir if I feel like it, can't I?"

"Oh, h—!" he grunted, and turning on his heel went away.

After he had gone I patted myself on the back a bit for not losing my temper and then, just to have an excuse for staying away from the cabin and the Bullerton vicinity, I made fires under the boilers and got up steam. In the former pumping spasm Daddy and I had operated only the two big centrifugals, ignoring the deep-well pumps designed to lift the water from the lower levels of the mine.

Just to try something that we hadn't tried before, I got stum on the deep wells, and soon found that the machinery, which was almost to the case which had been taken to provide a discharge outlet for the centrifugals, the Cornish pumps had never an iron trough which ran to a ditch leading down to the bench below the mine buildings. After a few minutes of the clanking and banging, the water began to come. It was horribly smelling stuff, thick and discolored; evidences sufficient that it was coming from the bottom of the mine. The two pumps together were lifting about an eight-inch stream, and it occurred to me at once that if I could set the centrifugals going at the same time, the mine attack might accomplish what the piece-meal assault couldn't.

Throwing in the clutch that drove the big rotaries, I ran up against what Daddy would have called a "circumstance." There wasn't power enough to drive both sets of pumps coupled in together; at least, not with the steam pressure the boilers were carrying. Thinking to get more power by pushing the fires a bit harder, I went to the detached boiler room to stoke up, leaving the deep wells clanking away in the smithhouse. I had fired two of the furnaces and was at work on the third when a series of grinding crashes in the machinery sent me flying to find out what was going wrong.

What was happening—what had already happened—was a plenty. As I have said, the great Cornish water-lifters were driven through a train of gears. When I reached the scene, the steam engine was still running smoothly, but the pumps had stopped. The reason didn't have to be looked for with a microscope. The gear-train was a wreck, with one of the wheels smashed into bits, and half of the cogs stripped from its mesh—what, if that's what you'd call it.

Mechanically I stopped the engine and went to view the remains. The deep-wells were done for—there was no question about that; they'd never run again until a new set of gears should be installed. That much done, I began to look for the cause of the calamity. Naturally, I supposed that a cracked cog in one of the wheels had given way, and with this for a starter, the general smash had followed as a matter of course. But a careful and even painful scrutiny of the wreckage failed to reveal the cog with the ancient fracture. Each break was new and fresh and clean; there wasn't a sign of an old flaw in any one of them.

I think I must have knelt there under the gear train for a half-hour or more, handling the fragments of iron and fitting them together. It was like a child's broken-block puzzle, and after a time I was able to lay all the larger bits out upon the floor in their proper relation to one another. It was in the ground-up debris remaining that I found something which suddenly made me see red. Battered into shapelessness, but still clearly recognizable, were the crushed disney-membra of one twelve-inch monkey-wrench!

I tried to go off the handle in a fit of mad rage. With a sort of forced calm I considered every item and projecting timber where I might incautiously have left the wrench, and from which it might have jarred off to fall into the gears. There was no such chance. I had used the wrench in re-assembling the machinery, but now that I came to recall all the circumstances, I distinctly remembered having put it, together with the other tools, on the little work-bench back of the engine. The alternative conclusion was, therefore, fairly inevitable. While I was firing the furnaces, somebody—and doubtless somebody who had been watching for the opportunity—had taken advantage of the moment when my back was turned and had thrown the wrench into the gears.

It was the final straw. There was only one person on the Cinnabar reservation who could have any motive for wrecking my machinery; and while I was hankering the first and setting things in order for the night, I hurried my course, as the navigators say. The dawn of another day, I told myself, would schedule the ultimate built. Unless he should prove to be a good bit quicker with his gun than I was with my fists, Bullerton was due to get the mine-handling job he seemed to be hankering for; and beyond that, he'd quit the Cinnabar, if I should have to the him on his horse and flag the best half-way to Atropia.

It was with this most unchristian design festering and boiling in my

brain that I finally went over to the cabin, let myself in, and climbed stealthily up the loft ladder to my blankets, and the next thing I knew, it was broad daylight, the sun was shining in at the little window over the head of my bunk, and from the kitchen at the rear a juicy and most appetizing odor of frying ham was wafting itself up through the cracks in the unchinked walls of my cubicle.

CHAPTER XI.

An Arctic Bath.

It's an old saying that coming events have a knack of foreshadowing themselves. While I was struggling through my clothes and reviving that over-night determination to have it out with Bullerton the minute I should lay eyes upon him, it struck me all at once that the house was curiously quiet. To be sure, somebody was stirring, and breakfast was cooking, but the prevailing condition that something had happened was strong upon me, when I descended the ladder.

In the living room I found a mighty sober-faced old Daddy putting breakfast on the table.

"It's just you and me for it, this mornin', Stannie," he muttered, laying plates for two; and his mild old eyes looked as if they were about to take a bath.

"What?" I exclaimed. "Has Bullerton gone?"

"Oh-huh; bright and early, fore day, I reckon; leastwise, I didn't hear him when he went."

"But where's Jeanie? She ain't sick, is she?"

He shook his head dolefully.

"No; she—she's gone, too."

"Not with Bullerton?" I gasped.

"It sure does look that way, Stannie. She left a 'I'll' note on the table."

It was along about nine o'clock when I got the deep-wells ready to run and freshened up the fires and turned the steam on. In curious contrast to the case which had been taken to provide a discharge outlet for the centrifugals, the Cornish pumps had never an iron trough which ran to a ditch leading down to the bench below the mine buildings. After a few minutes of the clanking and banging, the water began to come. It was horribly smelling stuff, thick and discolored; evidences sufficient that it was coming from the bottom of the mine. The two pumps together were lifting about an eight-inch stream, and it occurred to me at once that if I could set the centrifugals going at the same time, the mine attack might accomplish what the piece-meal assault couldn't.

Throwing in the clutch that drove the big rotaries, I ran up against what Daddy would have called a "circumstance." There wasn't power enough to drive both sets of pumps coupled in together; at least, not with the steam pressure the boilers were carrying. Thinking to get more power by pushing the fires a bit harder, I went to the detached boiler room to stoke up, leaving the deep wells clanking away in the smithhouse. I had fired two of the furnaces and was at work on the third when a series of grinding crashes in the machinery sent me flying to find out what was going wrong.

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SOUR STOMACH INDIGESTION

Theodore's Black-Draught Highly Recommended by a Tennessee Grocer for Troubles Resulting from Torpid Liver.

East Nashville, Tenn.—The effectiveness of Theodore's Black-Draught, the famous herb, liver medicine, is vouched for by Mr. W. N. Parsons, a grocer of this city. "It is without doubt the best liver medicine, and I don't believe I could get along without it. I take it for constipation, headache, bad liver, indigestion, and all other troubles that are the result of a torpid liver."

"I have known and used it for years, and can do highly recommend it to every one. I won't go to bed without it in the house. It will do all it claims to do. I can't say enough for it."

Many other men and women throughout the country have found Black-Draught just as Mr. Parsons describes its normal functions, and in cleansing the bowels of impurities.

Theodore's Black-Draught liver medicine is the original and only genuine. Accept no imitations or substitutes. Always ask for Theodore's.

JOHN WHITE & CO. LOUISVILLE, KY. Established in 1827. Liberal assortment of Raw Furs.

People Read This Newspaper

That's why it would be profitable for you to advertise in it.

If you want a job. If you want to hire somebody. If you want to sell something. If you want to buy something. If you want to rent your house. If you want to sell your house. If you want to sell your farm. If you want to buy property. If there is anything that you want the quickest and best way to supply that want is by placing an advertisement in this paper.

The results will surprise and please you.

Advertising under the head of Classified Advertising will be accepted at the rate of 1 cent a word for each insertion. No classified ad accepted for less than 25 cents.

Help Wanted.

We want a lady or gentleman agent to handle city trade in West Liberty and other vacant cities. This is wonderful opportunity as you will be selling the genuine J. R. Watkins Products including Watkins Cocoa and On Shampoo, Gorda Face Powder, Fruit Drinks and over 137 other products. Write today for free sample and particulars. The J. R. Watkins Co., Dept. 66, Memphis, Tenn. 385-9.

Always at Your Service for Printing Needs!

Is there something you need in the following list?

Birth Announcements
Wedding Stationery
Envelopes Enclosures
Sale Bills
Hand Bills
Price Lists
Admission Tickets
Business Cards
Window Cards
Time Cards
Letter Heads
Note Heads
Envelopes
Labels

Bill Heads
Call Cards
Statements
Mail Tickets
Shipped Tags
Announcements
Briefs
Notes
Coupons
Famphlets
Catalogues
Circulars
Posters

Stationery
Invitations
Folders
Checks
Blankets
Notices
Labels
Legal Blanks
Menu Cards
Place Cards
Dedgins
Post Cards
Programs
Receipts

Prompt, careful and efficient attention given to every detail.

Don't Send Your Order Out of Town Until You See What We Can Do

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Town of West Liberty
Police Judge.....G. M. Bellamy
Marshal.....J. M. Cottle
Trustees: J. P. Gullett, Jas. P. Gray, W. W. McGuire, L. B. Reed and L. C. Ferguson.
Clerk.....G. N. Nickell.
P. O. Court, First Wednesday in each month for civil cases.

Morgan County
County Judge.....J. A. Henry
County Attorney.....Lynn B. Wells
County Clerk.....E. M. Williams
Shoemaker.....D. H. Perry
Treasurer.....W. M. Gorman
Supt. Schools.....Bernard E. White
Jailer.....J. A. Fairchild
Assessor.....J. F. Blevins
Coroner.....N. M. Robbins
Surveyor.....vacant.
County Court, Fourth Monday in each month.

Quarterly Court, Tuesday after Fourth Monday in each month.
Fiscal Court On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.
Justices' Courts.
First District: J. C. Traylor, Canaan City, First Thursday in each month.
Second District: Hiram Murphy, Jekia, Wednesday after third Monday in each month.
Third District: Chas. D. Walters, Redwine, First Tuesday in each month.
Fourth District: Hancey Hamilton, Silver Hill, Friday after third Monday in each month.

County Board of Education.
J. S. Carter, Chmn., E. C. Gevedon, J. Curran-Nickell, J. W. Fumlin, W. O. Peirce, Bernard E. White, Sec. and Treas.
Meets first Monday in each month.
Circuit Court.
Circuit Judge, D. W. Gardner, Salyersville.

Commonwealth's Attorney, G. C. Alton, West Liberty, Ky.
Jerkent Court Clerk, J. D. Lykins, faster Courtmaster, H. M. Oakley.
Morgan Circuit Court begins second Monday in March, second Monday in August and second Monday in November, 18 judicial days.

Kentucky State Government.
Governor.....Edwin P. Morrow
Lieut. Governor.....S. Thurston
Secretary of State.....Fred A. Vaughn
Auditor.....John J. Craig
Treasurer.....Jas. A. Wallace
Com. of Agriculture.....Wm. C. Hanna
Supt. Public Instruction, Geo. F. Colvin
Clerk Court of Appeals.....Roy B. Speck
Kentucky Court of Appeals.
Chief Justice

Judge Rollin Hurt.....Columbia Eastern Division
Charles H. Moorhead.....Louisville Judge Gus Thomas.....Mayfield Judge Ernest C. Clarke.....Falmouth Western Division
Judge Warren E. Settle.....Bolling Green Judge Elton D. Sampson.....Barboursville

Councils of the U. S. Army.
C. C. Turner.....M. Sterling United States Government.
President, Warren G. Harding, Ohio.
Vice Pres., Calvin D. Coolidge, Mass.
Secretary of War.....Andrew Mellon, Penn.
Secretary of Navy.....Chas. M. Evans, Indiana
Secretary of Interior.....Wm. Weeks, Massachusetts
Attorney General.....Harry M. Langley, Ky.
Postmaster General, Walcott H. Hays, Ind.
Secretary of the U. S. A. R. Park, Pa.
Secretary of Agriculture, Harry Wallace, Iowa.
Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, California.
Secretary of Labor, Jos. J. Davis, Pa.
United States Supreme Court.
Chief Justice

Wm. Howard Taft.....Ohio
Justice at Justices
Joseph McKenna.....California
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Massachusetts
William H. Day.....Pennsylvania
Jas. C. McHugh.....Tennessee
John L. Clarke.....Wyoming
Louis D. Brandeis.....Massachusetts
Mahlon Pitney.....New Jersey
United States District Court.
Judge A. M. J. Cochran.....Mayville.
B. H. Keelson.....U. S. Commissioner
H. M. Cox.....United States Marshall
Legislative

J. S. Senalors: A. O. Stanley and Richard P. Ernst.
Congressman 10th Dist. W. J. Fields.

Evert Mathis J. H. Williams
MATHIS & WILLIAMS
Attorneys at Law.
West Liberty, Ky.
'ractices in all Courts of the Common.

FLOYD ARNETT
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office over Commercial Bank
West Liberty, Ky.

SHOE MENDING
Bring your shoes to me for mending. All work guaranteed. Repair Rubber boots and shoes.
WALTER H. DAVIS.
Give me a trial.

O. M. OAKLEY
DENTIST
WEST LIBERTY, KY
Offices over Nickell Garage
All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

O. F. HENRY
Pomp, Ky.
Representing
MENDALL-WEINSTOCK HAT CO.
of Louisville, Ky.
"LIBERTY HATS ARE BEST."

E. SKEIN
JACKSON KY.
Electric Shoe Repair Shop
We Fix Them
While You Wait
Parcel Post orders are given
Prompt Attention.
Give us a trial.
Satisfaction guaranteed

Save Pennies—Waste Dollars

Some users of printing save pennies by getting inferior work and lose dollars through lack of advertising value in the work they get. Printers as a rule charge very reasonable prices, for none of them get rich although nearly all of them work hard.

Moral: Give your printing to a good printer and save money.

Our Printing Is Unexcelled

The Cash Store News.

H. L. HENRY, Editor-in-Chief

MOBILE SERVICE

Subscription Free.

VOL. 1

INDEX, KY., THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1922.

No. 15

1922 FACING THE NEW YEAR 1922

I take this opportunity to thank my many friends for their patronage during the past year. Although the year has been full of bitter disappointments in a business way, yet I have sold \$20,000.00 worth of goods—no mean attainment under the circumstances.

Without friends who had faith in me I could not have done this.

Let's face the New Year, with the same old purpose—to serve. I assure one and all that I am just as anxious to give you a square deal as to have your trade. Come and visit us often.

I now have my New Spring Prices on all kinds of farm machinery, repairs, fertilizers, etc. Will be out to see the farmers soon. Plan early for your needs this spring. No backward looking, but face the future with faith and courage. A big crop will do more to help the situation than all the whining of the universe.

THE CASH STORE

H. L. HENRY

INDEX, KY

Toms Creek, Va. Jan. 6, 1922.

Licking Valley Courier, West Liberty, Ky.

Gentlemen:

I enclose check for renewal of my subscription to the Courier. Although a great many changes have taken place in and around West Liberty since my father and I left, we are still interested in Morgan county.

I notice a movement on foot to secure a State Normal for your town which I hope you will succeed in getting. The people of Kentucky can not hope to have good schools so long as the teachers are so poorly paid. The lowest salary received by any teacher in our school is \$95.00 per month. My salary as principal is \$131.00. Two of my assistants receive \$100.00 each, another \$97.00, and the primary teacher \$95.00. In addition to this they have a cottage furnished where they do light house keeping, which brings their cost of living down to \$8.00 and \$10.00 per month.

We have 234 pupils on roll, the lowest attendance thus far being 212. Our pupils attend the Central High School at Columbia after completing the grammar grades.

My father's health is very good for an 84 year old. He often speaks of his old friends in West Liberty. Wishing the Courier and all of our friends a prosperous year in 1922, I am,

Very truly yours,

NANNIE E. FIELDS,

Agent Wanted.

Hallsville, Okla., Dec. 19, 1921.

Licking Valley Courier, West Liberty, Ky.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find check for \$2.00 to cover balance due on subscription and to pay for the Courier another year.

Having lived in Morgan county for 40 years it is like getting a letter from home. It is the first paper we read when the mail arrives.

With best wishes for the Courier and all my Kentucky friends, I am,

Yours respectfully,

E. B. BLANKENSHIP.

Butler Missouri, Dec. 16, 1921.

Licking Valley Courier, West Liberty, Ky.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find check for \$1.50 for which you will please renew my subscription to your paper for one year from the expiration. We want to keep in touch with our old Kentucky friends, the cleverest people on earth.

Yours truly,

B. F. MCGUIRE.

Middletown, Ga., Dec. 15, 1921.

Hovermale & Son, West Liberty, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed you will find \$2.50 to pay up my account and extend subscription for six months.

Credit Mrs. D. C. Lykins, Middletown, Ga., R. F. D. 1, with \$1.50, then with the same to cover my bill for six months.

Thanking you for your kindness and hoping to receive the good old home paper regularly I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

S. D. LYKINS.

Huntington, W. Va., Jan. 4, 1922.

Hovermale & Son, West Liberty, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

You will please find enclosed herewith my check for \$1.50 for subscription for 1922.

Wishing you an abundance of prosperity for the year and with kindest personal regards to all, I am,

Very truly yours,

W. T. COLVIN.

Chapel Lodge No. 827 F. & A. M. met at this place at their hall the 21st inst., and elected the following officers for the ensuing year.

Caroline Harless.....W. Warren

Loyd P. Ward.....Sr. Warden

Walter M. Henry.....Jr. Warden

J. B. Harless.....Treasurer

Assa M. Lykins.....Secretary

Heidi Zell.....Sr. Deacon

Tom McClure.....Jr. Deacon

Joe Cundiff.....Tyler

GROCERIES! FEED! FEED!

Perfection flour, per bag.....\$1.50

Arbuckle coffee, per lb......25

Bulk roast coffee, per lb......25

Pure lard, 50 lb can......6.00

Roller oats, per bag......1.10

Meal, per bag......1.50

Corn chop, per 100 lb......2.00

Hay, per bale......1.25

Milk feed, per 100 lb......1.35

Linseed meal, per 100 lb......3.75

Peoria cow feed, per 100 lb......2.75

Oats, per bushel......1.75

FURNITURE, WALL PAPER, RUGS

You don't have to fire at long range to buy the very best Tables, Chairs, Beds, Mattresses, Springs, Stoves, Rugs and Wall Paper. All we ask is that you give our line a look. You'll be convinced.

GRASSY CREEK

Horse swapping and other kinds of traffic seems to be the chief business of the day in this section coupled with hauling and hunting making Sunday a profitable day, which is open violation of the civil and divine laws. For which there will be a reckoning in the days to come.

Quite a number of cattle passed thru here last week going to the Mt. Sterling market.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe C. Stamper started to Umatilla, Fla., on the 15th inst., intending to spend the winter. His health has failed and his physicians advised him to change climates. We are sorry that Joe had to leave. He is a good man and one of our best citizens. We hope his trip will improve his health.

Ed. J. R. Allen dressed and shipped about four hundred turkeys last week.

Ed. W. M. Haney, of Topeka, Kas., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Haney, last week and has returned home. He has been quite a while since he visited this country. He preached two sermons during the short stay.

Hobart Johnson, who is working at Crawford, has come home to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Carter and Roly Gordon, of Leavenworth, who visited their folks last week have returned home.

We are glad to know that the surveying of the proposed graded road from Frenchburg to Index is in progress. We hope that by early spring the road will be located and that the construction of the road will begin. Every body should favor the building of this road, because it will be immensely profitable to the whole country.

The school teachers as well as the teachers will soon be set free from another six months term for which they will be pleased as it costs something to keep them.

New Year to all the readers of the Courier.

FAIRPLAY.

DINGUS

Ed C. Williams is building a barn. George Hager has moved to his farm on Lacy Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Osborne, of Iron ton, Ohio, are visiting relatives here.

Russell Bower has moved to the Keeton farm on Elgin.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bailey, a boy—John Henry.

Lester Williams was at home over Xmas on a furlough from his work at Beth, W. Va.

Wallace Bailey has moved to his farm near Silver Hill.

Santa Claus seemed to show considerable partiality in the distribution of gifts Saturday night. He left a boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Bradley. However, we're not complaining.

Lonny Barks is building a house on Tom Smith's land and will move to it when it is completed.

R. C. Williams is preparing to build a large store house. Clay has made good in the mercantile business, by using industry and economy, and now ranks in column one among the merchants of this section.

A change in the public road on J. F. Patrick's farm necessitates the building of a bridge to span Elk branch. Mr. Patrick has the contract to build the abutments for the bridge.

Lease Rowland moved last week from Greenup county on the farm of his son-in-law, Tom Day, near Jeptha Smith, near Jeptha, and is manifesting some interest in the land and selling to the Lenox Saw Mill Co.

Vance Alderson Coleman, of Croft, W. Va., but who is at present salesman in the Lenox Saw Mill Co's Store and Miss Clara Caskey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Caskey, of 1st mo., were quietly married at the home of the bride's parents on last Saturday. The nuptial knot was tied by

ROBT. H. FERGUSON.

DEHART

Mrs. Minnie Cox visited her mother Mrs. Polly Vandave last week.

Aaron Cox and two sons, Willie and Clyde, will start to Perry county next week.

Mrs. Cattie Martin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Myrtle McAllister, of Dehart.

Mrs. Mahel Barber, who has been poorly for some time, is convalescing.

Dennis Carpenter, of Woodshend will finish the unexpired term of school at Grassy, vacated by Corbin Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Wells visited their daughter Mrs. Oliver Smallwood of Pamp, through Christmas.

J. A. HALE.

HOLIDAY

Bro. James Oney, of Harper, and John W. Oney, of this place were at Grassy Creek holding a revival meeting together with Bro. McChesney during the Christmas holidays.

Due to the wife of Sam Oney, a

Virgil Wilson, of Cannel City, was the guest of Bernard Ferguson Xmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. Janten Riser and Ingram Lykins, of Harper, were the guests of Ollie Lykins, of Grassy, Creek last week.

Henry Amyx and family were the guests of friends at Cannel City last week.

Burns Vance and family and Mrs. Stella Boone spent Christmas day with John W. Oney and family.

Laurie and Hagat Oney were the guests of James Oney last week.

Vada Williams is visiting her sister, Mrs. Anna Sawyer.

Charley Holliday, of Malone, was the guest of friends here last week.

Tono Sawyer returned from up the Kentucky river and spent Christmas day with his sister, Gussie Oney.

Armin Sawyer made a business trip to Cannel City last week.

Chlo and Roxie Vance gave a candy social for a number of their young friends. A large crowd was present and all reported a good time.

BLUE EYES.

Trenton, Ohio, Dec. 21, 1921.

Hovermale & Son, West Liberty, Ky.

Gentlemen:

I received your notice the other day in regard to my subscription to your paper.

I am sorry for your paper last week sending you \$0.75 in coin to be paid for six months. Then I just received a statement from you showing my subscription had expired.

That I owed you twelve cents.

62 to pay for the paper and the twelve cents back again.

I thought I would look the matter up you will find as I have stated it.

Yours very truly,

CYDIE CARPENTER.

(You are correct.)

The Courier is the authorized agent for the Louisville Daily Courier-Journal and Louisville Evening Times. We can furnish them singly or either of them in combination with the Courier. The price of either of these papers singly is \$5.00 per year, or we furnish you either of them and the Licking Valley Courier for \$5.50.

N. M. Robbins, the new coroner, called in last week and renewed his subscription to the Courier. If all the people will do likewise there will be no danger of the coroner having to "sit" on the "remains" of the Courier.

FOR SALE—Having decided to change my location I will sell my farm consisting of 75 acres, on Grassy Creek, in what is known as "Bear Wallow," 1 1/2 mile from postoffice and 1 1/4 mile from school house. Well watered, good location and good buildings. Call or write

D. O. CARPENTER,

Woodshend, Ky.

Miss Lucile Little, of White Oak was in town Monday and was appointed deputy County Court Clerk. Miss Lucile called at the Courier office to get a supply of deeds and will be prepared to perform the duties of deputy clerk in that neighborhood.

London, Ky., Dec. 19, 1921.

Hovermale & Son, West Liberty, Ky.

Gentlemen:

You will find enclosed check for \$1.50 for which send me the Courier one year.

Very truly yours,

HOLLIE WILLIAMS.

J. M. McClain and family, of Lenox have moved to the K. J. Boyles property on Main street, and Mr. and Mrs. Boyles are housekeeping in their store building.

Justice Courts.

Morgan County Court, Special Term, Jan. 2, 1922.

It is ordered by the Court that the time of holding the Justice Courts in Morgan county, Ky., be and they are hereby set for the following dates:

First District, 1st Thursday in each month.

Second District, Wednesday after 1st month in each month.

Third District, 1st Tuesday in each month.

Fourth District, Friday after 1st month in each month.

J. V. HENRY, Clerk.

DEHART

Mrs. Minnie Cox visited her mother Mrs. Polly Vandave last week.

Aaron Cox and two sons, Willie and Clyde, will start to Perry county next week.

Mrs. Cattie Martin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Myrtle McAllister, of Dehart.

Mrs. Mahel Barber, who has been poorly for some time, is convalescing.

Dennis Carpenter, of Woodshend will finish the unexpired term of school at Grassy, vacated by Corbin Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Wells visited their daughter Mrs. Oliver Smallwood of Pamp, through Christmas.

J. A. HALE.

HOLIDAY

Bro. James Oney, of Harper, and John W. Oney, of this place were at Grassy Creek holding a revival meeting together with Bro. McChesney during the Christmas holidays.

Due to the wife of Sam Oney, a

Virgil Wilson, of Cannel City, was the guest of Bernard Ferguson Xmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. Janten Riser and Ingram Lykins, of Harper, were the guests of Ollie Lykins, of Grassy, Creek last week.

Henry Amyx and family were the guests of friends at Cannel City last week.

Burns Vance and family and Mrs. Stella Boone spent Christmas day with John W. Oney and family.

Laurie and Hagat Oney were the guests of James Oney last week.

Vada Williams is visiting her sister, Mrs. Anna Sawyer.

Charley Holliday, of Malone, was the guest of friends here last week.

Tono Sawyer returned from up the Kentucky river and spent Christmas day with his sister, Gussie Oney.

Armin Sawyer made a business trip to Cannel City last week.

Chlo and Roxie Vance gave a candy social for a number of their young friends. A large crowd was present and all reported a good time.

BLUE EYES.

Trenton, Ohio, Dec. 21, 1921.

Hovermale & Son, West Liberty, Ky.

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